

THE  
HISTORY  
*Charles II. of England*  
OF THE  
Babylonish Cabal;  
OR

The [Intrigues,  
Progression,  
Opposition,  
Defeat, and  
Destruction] Of the



Daniel-Catchers;  
In a P O E M.

---

By Richard Steere.

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*Nec Lax est iustior ulla,  
Quam Necis Artifices Arte perire sua.* Ovid.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Baldwin in the Old Bailey. 1682.

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TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**ANTHONY**  
Earl of Shaftesbury, &c.

My Lord,

**T**Here is hardly a kind of Persecution more Irresistible than that of Dedications.-- No Monarch can defend himself from it, since the Invention of Printing. By this kind of Visit, a Plebeian (whether he Adorns or Disgraces the Press, 'tis no matter) can Vault into the view of the Most Exalted Wits, and Most Renowned of Men.

If Custom be any Excuse for such fashionable Presumptions, I hope your Lordship will pardon the Boldness I have taken, to shelter this Product of some Retired hours, under the Protection of your Honourable Name.

Some Sheets of the same nature were not long since presented to your Lordship in Prose, which Allarm'd a Silent Spectators Muse, to Revive that Ingenious Paraphrase in the Mo-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*tern Attire of Measure and Cadency; which though adorned with those Affected Flights of Fancy, those Heavendaring Metaphors, that (by an Antiphrasis) beautifie the Raptures of the PERPETUAL STATE-POET [the Achitophel-maker;] yet (my Lord) you will find it plain and honest, and expressive of the Sympathy which some of a Lower Orb, bear to the Contriv'd Sufferings of so Illustrious an Innocent as DANIEL was.*

*But who can Fall when Heaven is the Protector? Or what Machinations can prosper, when countermin'd by the Divinity? If Men of Meer Wit will needs wantonly Allegorize SACRED HISTORY, and by Misapplied Parallels, throw Affronts upon our Great and Loyal States-Men, then (whether They will, or no,) Men of Loyalty will borrow Scripture-Artillery, and Allegorize it in a sober Attaque, to Batter down the Babels of such Daniel-Catchers.*

*That your Lordship may Live Long and Happy, to serve your King and Country, in spite of all your Enemies, is the Hearty Prayer of*

My Lord,

Your Most Humble and  
Most Obedient Servant,

R. S.

THE



T H E  
H I S T O R Y

Of the { Sham-Plot, }  
          { Defeat, and } Of the  
          { Destruction }

**Daniel-Catchers, &c.**

**B**Ehold how Rich, how Glorious is the Soul,  
Whose *Faith* is stedfast, and without controul ?  
*Faith* will the Temples with Great Glory Crown ;  
*Faith* is the Hand which Takes the Blessing down ;  
*Faith's* the Defensive, and Offensive Shield,  
Saves the *Possessor*, Makes th'Opposer yield.  
This *Abel*, *Enoch*, *Noah*, in their days  
Made th' Infant Earth illustrious with its Rays.  
*Abra'am* was call'd the Father of this Grace,  
*Isaac* and *Jacob* in his steps did trace ;  
*Moses* and *Samuel* have the same pursu'd,  
Who as Bright Stars of the first Magnitude,  
Dart down their sev'ral Bright Cœlestial Rays  
Upon the *Church*, in her more Modern days ;  
Who all a Glorious Constellation prove,  
Patterns of Piety, of Faith and Love.

Can

Can *Daniel* be forgot? or may he come,  
 And with his Fellow-*Prophets* take a Room,  
 Of Princes, and of *Prophets*, not the Least;  
 Whole Soul with this *Eximious* Faith possess,  
 To stop the Mouths of Lions, Faith is Crown'd  
 Because our *Daniel* Innocent was found.

His *History* shall be our present Theme,  
 And from that *Fountain*, we'll pursue the *Stream*,  
 To paraphrase upon the State of things  
 What *Honours* were conferr'd on him by Kings,  
 His *Life*, *Imprisonment*, and Sufferings,  
 With that strong Faith which did his Soul Advance,  
 Working Miraculous Deliverance.

Take but a transient View of him, behold  
 How his own Book doth his own State unfold.  
 See how the Spirit hath display'd the Sence  
 Of his Original, his Eminence.

He is descended of *Illustrious* Blood,  
 His Pedigree was doubtless Great and Good.  
 The Seed of *Princes* he appears to be,  
 Or some *Prime Branch* of the *Nobility*;  
 His Conduct, and his Courage do proclaim  
 The Greatness of his uncontrouled Fame;  
 For his Great Soul so Manag'd all Affairs,  
 As he did Antitype those Characters;  
 Nor in the Series of his Lives whole Story,  
 Was *Daniel* found to be Derogatory,  
 But Ornamental to his Birth and Glory.

And as in *Honour*, so in Beauty he  
 Arrives unto an excellent Degree;  
 His Graceful Presence, Personage, and Face;  
 Perfection vie with his Interiour Grace,  
 Each representing him Lovely and Rare,  
 So fairly good, or else so goodly Fair.

By Royal Mandate he's a Chosen one,  
 Attaining perfect Education,  
 In all the *Chaldean* Learning; he is Taught  
 The Myſteries, and Policies of State,  
 That he might ſtand before the *King*, or be  
 A Privy Councellor to Monarchy,  
 A Pollisht Pillar, fixt for the ſupport  
 Of Royalty, and Grandeur at the Court.

Yet he *Religiously* avoids Exceſs,  
 And frames his mind to be content with leſs;  
 The *King's* delicious Dainties he denies,  
 And all the Fulſeſ of Court Luxuries;  
 For *Puſſe* and *Water* are his only Fare,  
 Which to Great Men is an Example Rare.

His Humane parts, with Grace Divine are Crown'd,  
 True Wiſdom, and Great Knowledge do abound  
 In him; for he by God was ſanctifi'd  
 To be a Prophet, whereby he unty'd  
 The knotty and moſt intricate of Dreams,  
 By powerful Influence of Caeleſtial Beams,  
 Puzling *Enigma's*, Viſions of the Night,  
 He their Interpretation brings to Light.  
 He fitted was for Publick Government,  
 Well qualiſi'd for what was Eminent;  
 All theſe concurring fitted him to be  
 Truſted with all Affairs of ~~Monarchy~~ Royalty

The *King* inſpects his Wiſdom and great Worth,  
 His favour then to Honour calls him forth,  
 Makes him his Lord LIEUTENANT next the Throne  
 Over the Province of Great *Babylon*.

More Honour yet the *King* on him conſers,  
 Creates him Greateſt of his Treasuſers;  
 And as the *King* ſhould ſay, I cannot ſee  
 One of more Worth in all my Monarchy,

Heaps

Heaps seems confirmed to be  
 therefore left from minute on Epilog

Heaps Honour upon Honour, adding more  
Over the *Magi* him *Chief Governour*.

To make his Royal Favour more complete,  
*Daniel* at Court is fixt Chief Favourite,

And now involv'd in bus'ness for the King.

(Honours and Offices do Troubles bring,

Yet) *Daniel* won't neglect three times a day,

(As he did use) unto his God to pray.

And while his prayers mount the Throne of Grace,

All worldly Cares do to his Thoughts give place;

O happy *Prince*! more happy in this thing,

Whose Counsellors fear God, obey the King.

*Daniel* Exalted now to high Renown,

Studies the only Int'rest of the *Crown*,

He knew his Lord's great Interest would be,

To 'ave Officers of spotless Loyalty;

Men of an Equal Spirit with his own,

Were persons fittest to attend a Throne.

This Policy of his appears to be

An Act of unexampled Piety:

Next to his *Prince* his Loyal care extends,

And shews some signal Favour to his Friends,

Great Comfort to the Church in her Exile,

When Nursing Fathers on their Children smile:

At his Request 'twas done, th' effects were so,

For *Shadrach*, *Meshech*, and *Abednego*,

Over th' Affairs of *Babylon* were sent,

To manage Grand Affairs of Government.

See the Effects of his industrious Care,

When such Brave Men in publick Office are,

Whose publick Spirits for the publick good,

*Nebuchadnezzar's* Idols have withstood;

To which his *Princes*, and his *Lords* of State,

Pay Homage, whilst yet Inconsiderate.

These Men alone with Faith and Courage fill'd,  
 Against their *God* and Conscience scorn to yield;  
 They give a check to th'uncontroul'd Decree,  
 Shewing to *God* and *King* Fidelity.  
 That Impious Law, which like a Torrent flows,  
 (In honour to their *God*) they dare oppose:  
 Though to the Face of *Inrag'd Majesty*,  
 Confiding in their *God*, they dare defy.  
 The Fulness of a gen'rous Confidence,  
 In the Great Power of a *God* Immense,  
 Lifts their Resigning Souls so much the higher,  
 Before Idolatry to chuse the fire.

This did the Glorious Miracle Increase, }  
 Honour to *God*, and to *Religion* Peace. }  
 Adds Credit here, and future Happiness. }

So little disadvantage doth attend  
 On such, as on their *God* and Truth depend.  
 Such as stand fast to what they do profess,  
 Wrap themselves up in future Happiness;  
 Such honour their Profession, and their *God*,  
 Whose Faith on Kings unjust Commands have trod;  
 When in the face of Death, the King of Terrors,  
 By owning *God*, convince the World of Errors,  
 With Constancy and Courage such proclaim  
 Triumphant Conquests of Eternal Fame.  
 With what Assurance do such Souls convince?  
 There's none Infalible, no not the *Prince*,  
 And he in *Capitals* may Read at large,  
 Such Men will certainly their Trust discharge,  
 And well conclude, in such he may confide,  
 Who from their *God* refuse to turn aside.

What Service then did *Daniel* to the *Crown*?  
 By lifting such to Places of Renown,

B

Whose

*Rowe*  
*the*  
*of Daniel*

*Wm*  
*the*  
*of*

*5* *10* *15* *20* *25* *30* *35* *40* *45* *50* *55* *60* *65* *70* *75* *80* *85* *90* *95* *100*

Whose Noble Tempers, and Heroick Souls,  
 Their *Princes* Laws, when against God, controule;  
 How happy is that *Prince*, whose Grand Affairs  
 Are lodged in such Noble Breasts as theirs.  
 Who rather yield their Lives to Death, than be  
 Actors of Treason against Sovereignty.

These are no Pimping Sycophants, that win  
 Court-Favour, by alluring *Kings* to sin,  
 No, their Brave Minds Debauches will explode,  
 And all leud Pleasures that affront their God.

They'l rather have their Lives before him laid,  
 Than yield his Interest should be betray'd,

Ere they'l dishonour God, or flatter Men,  
 Or stifle Conscience, they'l to Fire or Den,  
 Which Truth in time makes glorious agen.

Thus Richly cloath'd with Graces, *Daniel* lives,  
 Belov'd of all those State-Superlatives.

Th' Eternal Being often doth Recite,

*Daniel* the Prophet is a Favourite;

What greater Honour can on Mortals be,  
 Than be Beloved of the Deity?

His Prince that Mighty Monarch also loves him,  
 For he a holy, prudent States-man proves him,  
 In whose high Favour he securely dwells,  
 Wisdom and Piety in him excels.

In the whole Series of this Monarch's Reign,

What Great Esteem his Worthiness did gain,

*Nebuchadnezzar*'s Honour did maintain:

Alas! what's this? what sweet Repose can be,  
 Within the Arms of Earthly Majesty?

When some at Princes Favours do arrive,

In their Esteem they no where else can live.

Those warm Embraces of a Prince's Love,

Chills their Devotion that it cannot move,

To seek Repose Eternally above.

Not

Not walking in those paths which *Daniel* trod,  
 Who thought his greatest Good was *nigh his God*.  
 For he consults an Earthly Prince must die,  
 Therefore seeks Peace with *Divine Majesty*.

And Piety can no Assurance give,  
 He shall secure in Princes Favours Live:  
 The least Affront of Royalty destroys  
 All hope of comfort in Terrestrial Joys:  
 Or if by Death a Monarch be remov'd,  
 The next Successor hates the Man he lov'd.  
*Daniel* Divinely may the World convince,  
 There's no fixation on an earthly Prince:  
 When that Great King, *Nebuchadnezzar's* gone,  
*Daniel* forbears Attendance on the Throne.

But for what cause our Prophet did retire,  
 Whether his *God* his Service did require;  
 Or whether *King Belshazzar* disapprov'd  
 Whom his Grandfather had in honour lov'd;  
 Or whether Time had Razed out the Fame  
 Of his Memorials, or obscur'd his Name;  
 Or whether by his distance from the Court,  
 The *King* had lost the Fame of his Report;  
 Or for what other cause to me unknown,  
 He seems a perfect stranger to the Throne,  
 Until a Hand without an Arm affords  
 Strange characters both to the King and Lords;  
 For they carousing were in fluvious Bouts,  
 Till the Almighty's Hand their Mirth controuls,  
 Which did with Terrour such Amazement bring  
 To this so Potent, but now Trembling King.  
 He straightway did to his Magicians send,  
 Who instantly on his Commands attend;  
 But all in vain, for Mortals cannot see  
 Th' Interpretation of the Heav'ns Decree.

No other Spirit can the thing declare,  
 But his, whose Hand did write the Character,  
 The Aged *Queen* to the Young *King* doth tell,  
 Excelling Wisdom doth in *Daniel* dwell;  
 Send Messengers for him, in him alone  
 Is found Divine Interpretation:  
 He's come, *Belshazzar* highly doth adore him,  
*Honour* and *Dignity* are laid before him,  
 Which of no worth he modestly refuses,  
 The *King* may give his Gifts to other uses.  
 Yet will he serve his *God* and *King* in this,  
 To let the *King* know what *God*'s meaning is.

No Flattery from *Daniel*'s Lips will flow,  
 But the *King* shall his Fatal Ruine know,  
 And who but *Daniel* dares to tell him so?

The clear Divine All-seeing Eye beheld,  
 That he the Scepter was unfit to wield,  
 When in the Heav'nly Ballance he was weigh'd  
 He was too light, the Scale turn'd Retrograde.  
 And though on Earth he was a *Monarch Crown'd*,  
 Fitter for *Tomb* than *Empire* he was found.  
*Esau* his Birth right greedily devours,  
 So he prophanely drinks an Emperours.  
 No Cups so well could please his Impious mind,  
 As what for sacred uses were design'd:  
 Upbraiding Heaven, daring to defy  
 The Infinite All-Ruling Deity;  
 Having forgot the Generation past,  
 When's Grandfather with Beasts had his Repast,  
 Became a grater Brute in brutish sort,  
 Turning into a *Bacchanal* his Court,  
 Forgetting he was Mortal, and must dye,  
 And pass Account with *Divine Majesty*;

No wonder that the God Omnipotent,  
 This sudden Summons to *Belshazzar* sent;  
 No Variation in this firm Decree;  
 He who is all Immutability,  
 Signs with his Hand the *King's* Mortality. }  
 Yet ere he goes to his Eternal Port,  
 He will Exalt Good *Daniel* in his Court,  
 Thereby to Bribe the *Heavens* to reprieve,  
 And to Revoke the Doom, that he may Live.  
*Daniel* a Friend of *God's*, he did Esteem,  
 Was Policy to make *God* Friends with him;  
 Therefore proclaims him, by his Great Command,  
 To be the Third *Chief Ruler* in his Land.

But then alas! what sudden Change, how soon  
 Low, Earthly Glory is from Mortals gone?  
 Honour and Riches make them Wings, and fly,  
 As Streams do lessen when the Fountain's dry.  
 The *King* that night is summon'd to the dust,  
 Where his prophane Acts do his Glories Rust.  
 The Prophecy's fulfill'd, the *King* must come  
 Unto his Judgment, and Eternal Doom.

When next *Darius* (mounts the Losy Throne,) }  
 The *Mede* is now *King* of *Great Babylon*. }  
 Fame to his Ears *Daniel's* great worth makes known.  
 In whom was found so Excellent a Soul,  
 Whose temperate mind his passions could controul.  
 The Aged *King* by his Grave Wisdom knows,  
 This weighty Crown will be too ponderous  
 For his Gray Head, his Age consults his Ease,  
 And therefore chuseth sixscore Deputies:  
 And oyer them he constituteth three, }  
 The Best Beloved of his Monarchy, }  
 To whom all those accountable must be: }

And

And of these Three, although Beloved all,  
*Daniel's* Commission is for Principal.  
 The Prime and Greatest Minister of State,  
 And Next Immediate to the *Potentate*.  
 His Honours now with Greatest Lustre, we  
 May in the *Zenith* of his Glories see,  
 Now *Lord High President* of great Renown,  
 Over the Counsels that attend the Crown;  
 And o're the Treasures of *Darius* State,  
 His Government is next *Immediate*.  
 Nor did the *King* his Favours thus bestow,  
 Ere he had Reason for his doing so;  
 For his serene and well pois'd Judgment found  
 Faith, Prudence, Policy in him abound.  
 A Spirit of so Excellent a frame,  
 That his deserts laid to his Honours claim.  
 But he no sooner Mounted is above,  
 In full possession of his Prince's Love;  
 No sooner on the wing of Favour flies,  
 To Lofly Honours, vast Transcendencies,  
 Though ne're so justly merited, and due,  
 Black-Envious-Rankard-Spirits will pursue,  
 With eager mind; fill'd with Revengeful hate,  
 What may eclipse the Greatness of their State,  
 What between them and Honour (though Belov'd  
 By their Great Sov'raign) must be now remov'd.  
 What, shall an Alien Lord it over me?  
 One of the Children of Captivity?  
 Shall we that are the Natives of the Land,  
 In our own Country bend to his Command?  
 Shall he *Monopolize* our Princes Love,  
 While we like Clouds below his Glories move?  
 How can you bear your *Princes, Lords & Peers*?  
 Shall *Babel's* Honours be a Forreigners?

Let

Let us Remove him, he once being gone,  
 Then our Access is nigher to the Throne.  
 While many strive for Honour here, how few  
 Do the Eternal Crown of Life pursue.  
 Immortal Honour such a Drug is grown,  
 They'l rather satisfie themselves with none;  
 For the same Eye which for the one doth strive,  
 Cannot the value of the other give.

Methinks I see their Cabal Counsel croud  
 Under the covert of a soory Cloud,  
 Shaking their PLOT-CONTRIVING CASE OF BRAINS,  
 Taking all dext'rous and laborious pains,  
 Gaping for Breath, whilst others lend an Ear,  
 And each by turns commences Counsellor.  
 This will not do, says one, th'other replies,  
 How shall we dress him for Our Sacrifice?  
 Then how they scratch their Heads, & bite their Nails,  
 When this, and that, and th'other Counsel faile.

Are his State Ministrations all so Just?  
 Can we not find him vary in his Trust?  
 Let's his Attendants *bribe*, for they may see  
 Something Defective in his Family.  
 Can it be possible he Err'd not? or  
 May not some words confound the Orator?  
 May we not artificially expound,  
 If but a doubtful syllable be found  
 Drop from his Lip? what e're th'occasion be,  
 Treason is meant against His Majesty.  
 Thus with malicious undermining Arts,  
 Their consultation at his Honour darts;  
 What shall we do? is there no hope to bring  
 Some guilty Accusation to the King?  
 Can we not find some colourable Story  
 Diminutive to Dignity and Glory?

Can we not dive into his Inmost part ?  
 May not some Trai'trous Thought lodge in his heart ?  
 Which we might *squeeze* into a Treas'rous sense,  
 And publickly produce for Evidence ;  
 But is his Soul too, Innocent and clear ?  
 And no hope left for an *Endictment* here ?  
 Curse of his Faith, his Loyalty, his Trust ;  
 Would he were not, unless he were unjust,  
 Our Circumspection ought to be our care,  
 Which while unguarded, does invite a snare ;  
 For with our Greatest Diligence we scarce  
 Repel those *Darts* that would our Honours pierce ;  
 Great Personages cannot be *too wise*  
 For their Conspiring, Plotting Enemies ;  
 Whose greedy Lusts, their Interest to advance,  
 Dare swear Men *Traitors* by their Countenance.  
 But to their Honour, let the World admire,  
 They *without Evidence* could not conspire ;  
 Let it remain unto posterity,  
 As a Remarque of HEATHEN PIETY,  
 These Heathen Conspirators scorn to foul,  
 With *Base Degen'rate Perjury, the Soul*.  
 Though their Revenge so fiercely they engage,  
 Base *Subornation* must not help their Rage ;  
 They will not *Damn* their *Souls* for those they hate,  
 Foul Perjury meer *Heathen* boggle at.  
 Rome dosh from *Hell* such Impious Customs fetch,  
 Which consciencious Heathens *scorn* to reach,  
 Such Monstrous Births as these can never come,  
 But from that *Hydra Triple Craton of Rome*,  
 Who issues Dispensations and Commissions,  
 Grants to the Greatest Villanies Permissions,  
*Rapine, Rebellion, Treason, Fire and Blood,*  
 Is the Religion of this vip'rous Brood.

Can EIGHTY EIGHT, th' accursed POWDER-PLOT,  
 And STROMBOLONIAN LONDON be forgot?  
 So many Living Monuments appear,  
 Proves *Rome* more Impious than the *Heathens* were.  
 May *Heav'n's* Dread Anger drive this Torrent home,  
 With all their Fry to *Lucifer* or *Rome*.  
 And may their *Plots* and *Shams* confounded be,  
 Ere they arrive to full Maturity.  
 Mean time, O *Lord*, protect the Innocent,  
 And all *Rome's* Curfed Black Designs prevent.  
 To their Cabal let us Return, and there  
 We find our Plotting Politicks despair  
 Of the Success, in all they have design'd,  
 Nothing defective in him they can find;  
 For his Allegiance to his Prince is such,  
 They cannot *Daniel's* Reputation touch.  
 And this Despair makes them consult their Wits,  
 Since this, nor that, nor th'other project hits.  
 It is propos'd, and the Proposal finds  
 An universal One and All, their Minds  
 Concur, they at Religion will begin,  
 To find his holy Duty to be sin;  
 For his Exact Obedience to his God  
 Must be the Snare, the Trap, the Net, the Rod,  
 His dear Devotions, (which though he esteem)  
 Must be the Cord by which we'll strangle him.  
 Get the *Decree* but sign'd, (the work is done,)  
 Then let him pray, and End what we Begun,  
 Pray to the Grave, each Motion of his Breath  
 In prayer to his God, he prays to death.  
 Say, is't agreed, My Lords? is this the way?  
*Nemine Contradiciente*, bears the sway.  
 There needs no greater Judgment upon those,  
 Whose Consultations do the *Heav'n's* oppose.

They that 'gainst God their close Devices bend,  
 His Honour is engaged to defend;  
 They who conspire 'gainst Divine Majesty,  
 In their own *Plots* shall their own Ruine see;  
 For he that shoots at Piety and Grace,  
 Hits God himself directly in the Face;  
 That Malice which one single Soul doth wound,  
 Would, if it could, the Deity confound.

This new Contrivance hits so rarely well,  
 The humour of it doth so much Excel  
 All they have done, or thought upon before,  
 Th'Invention they are ready to adore.  
 O how they chuckle! how they bless their wits,  
 For bring such Ingenious Counterfeits!  
 The Rare Intexture of this Plot shuts out  
 All kind of Room for Jealousie, or Doubt;  
 It cannot miss, it is so strongly laid,  
 He must deny his God, or be betray'd;  
 If he be Just to him, his Life is ours,  
 This Blest Invention makes us Conquerours,  
 Thus the Decree, with general Assent,  
 Passes the *Peers*, as *Votes* in *Parliament*,  
 Who with unanimous Results agree,  
 And for Assent, Address His Majesty.

They by a *Law* Enact him God on Earth,  
 And who so owns another it is death?  
 The God of Heaven now must be deny'd,  
 And in his Room the King is Deit'd;  
 To him each Soul must his Devotions pay,  
 And to no other Deity must pray;  
 For all Petitions must be spread before him;  
 They as a God for thirty daies adore him,  
 Allowing God, as School-boys for their Plays,  
 An undivided Month of holy days;

And

And whoso dares in thirty daies to pray  
 To any other God, his Life shall pay.  
 O *King Darius*, thou art mounted high.  
 Who says you're Gods? when *God* says you must die.  
 Those Tributes due to *Cæsar* I will pay,  
 But who makes man a *God*? doth man betray?  
 Those Honours and Prerogatives, which be  
 The proper Rights of Earthly Majesty;  
 I in obedience to my *God* will bring  
 And pay as due unto my *Sovereign King*.  
 But those that Kings Exalt to that degree,  
 As they did *Herod* by their Flattery,  
 Are none of *Cæsar's* Friends, for *God* above  
 Now for his Honour is oblig'd to move,  
 And with his flaming Darts, and Arrows keen,  
 Lets Mortal Kings know that they are but Men.

Thus that Blasphemous Rour, the *Papal* Tribe,  
 My Ink's not black enough for to describe,  
 How have they Deifi'd their Idol *Pope*?

(*Our Great Lord God*) he'd more become a Rope.

*Darius* ne'r consults from whence might spring  
 The Branches of this new promoted thing,  
 Blinded with Honour and Ambition, he  
 Could not Inspect his Nobles Flattery;  
 The Treacherous Design was hid from him,  
 He did it perfect Loyalty Esteem,  
 Some Policy of State that might procure  
 A Grandeur of his Empire more secure,  
 That in his Glory he might brighter shine,  
 And therefore doth more easily incline;  
 Especially since he has but of late,  
 Mounted the *Babylonian* Throne of State;  
 Those proffer'd Honours he doth not withstand,  
 But the Decree signs with his Royal hand.

This Mortal Monarch, *King of Babylon*,  
 Justles th' *Immortal Being* from his Throne;  
 But his Ambitious, Daring, Rash Design,  
 Calls from an Angry God, Revenge Divine.

A *Rash Result*! such may repent too late,  
 Who answer first, ere they premeditate;  
 To do, and then consider, is it good,  
 T'answer a question ere 'tis understood?  
 Thus I this senseless fancy understand,  
 It shall be so; what was't you did demand?  
 Men may pretend great Politicks to be,  
 But such an Act is far from Policy,

To do, and then to say, what have I done?  
 Would I had let this Stratagem alone,  
 Looks like the Fool describ'd by *Solomon*. }

A wise man's Tongue is in his Heart; for he  
 Ere he resolves, looks what th' effect will be.  
 The *Plot* is laid, *Sagacious Daniel* sees  
 This an Intrigue laid by his Enemies,  
 His piercing Judgment soon informs his mind,  
 That his Destruction's by their Plots design'd,  
 In that Decree did *Daniel* plainly Read,  
 His Execution firmly was Decreed.  
 Yet 'tis below his Generous Soul to move  
 One step from God, his firm Devotions prove,  
 How little he doth dread their Stratagem;  
 He bids Desiance both to it and them.  
 He scorns to Live; Death he will rather chuse,  
 And will his Life before his Duty lose.  
 Ere he will want Communion with his God,  
 For thirty daies, he'l pass that Bloody Road  
 Which they provided for him, their Decree  
 Must be his way to Immortality:

At the True Ends of Life he cannot have,  
 'Tis not worth Living, *better chuse the Grave.*  
 Death is the only way to set him free,  
 The Port that lets in to Eternity,  
 Where he may commune with his God by prayer;  
*Daniel* resolves to serve him here or there.

No sooner had that Royal Hand and Pen  
 Sign'd that Insuaring Law, but these Great Men  
 Turn all *Informers*, greedy of their prey,  
 How to Insuare, Trapan, Accuse, Betray  
 The *Lord High President*, for he alone  
 Their Object is, he sits too nigh the Throne;  
 How do they *sneak* about his house, and creep  
 Under the windows, and through crannies peep.  
 Methinks I see how covertly they stand,  
 Each a *Dark Lanthorn* in his trembling hand,  
 Their easie Footsteps, and their watchful Ears,  
 With their dumb signs, and silent characters,  
 That nothing might impede, but that they may  
 Through their own silence hear the Prophet pray.  
 O how their hopes do swell, their blood doth rise!  
 When they behold the Casement open flies!  
 How their hearts leap for Joy, their Souls revive,  
 In hope this opportunity will thrive!  
 And he Brave Spirit, scorning to Retire,  
 Or to obscure the thing which they desire,  
 Doth that on purpose to confirm their Bars,  
 That they, nor yet their Impious Law he fears:  
 But his Devotions to his God will pay,  
 And in Despite of their Decree will pray.  
 The wings of Faith and Zeal, mount him above  
 Fear of *Darius* hate, or hope of Love,  
 Shall *Daniel* his Beloved God disown?  
 Or wear a Mask on his Religion?

No, 'tis below the Greatness of his Soul,  
 To stain Religion with an act so foul;  
 As not to do the thing he does profess,  
 He from his Principles will not digress;  
 His holy Resolutions bear the sway,  
 His God in spite of Mortals he'll obey.

No sooner have their piercing Eyes inspection  
 Of the least Motion towards *Genusfection*;  
 When they behold those sacred Joynts to bend,  
 How greedily their Eyes his Motions tend,  
 How his preparatory Sighs they mind?  
 What they have sought, now they expect to find.  
 They diligently hearken, not for zeal,  
 Their Itching Ears wait but for an Appeal,  
 That they might hear his voice, so as to prove  
 It was directed to a *God* above.

And though the Heavens, (as if the force they felt  
 At his pathetical Expressions) melt,  
 A different Effect in them it seals,

Their putrid hearts it hardens or congeals,  
 Illustrious Prophet, little do we know

What various Passions in thy mind doth flow;  
 Within thy sacred Breasts such thoughts may live,  
 Nature 'gainst Grace, Grace against Nature strive.  
 Or thou art Extas'd beyond the cares  
 Of thy terrestrial, transient, low affairs.

Surely thy Soul flies upwards to its Rest,  
 Sweet Divine Raptures issue from thy Breast,  
 Methinks I hear thy heav'nly thoughts express.

And must I now forsake my God, or pay  
 My Life to Man, if I my God obey,  
 Must I on such unhappy terms as these  
 Forfeit my Life, or God of Life displease?

Shall

Shall the confederating Heathens say,  
 Die *Daniel*, die, or Heav'n disobey?  
 Must my Devotions hurl me to the Grave?  
 Must Prayer kill, which is a means to save?  
 'Tis worke than Death to live one day alone,  
 Without Access to the *Cæstrial Throne*;  
 How then shall I with Thirty Daies dispence?  
 What's Life, when Means of Life is banish'd hence?  
 Must I upon my Lips these Fetters wear?  
 Must my Affections and my Tongue forbear  
 To call upon my God? my Hope, my Trust,  
 No, let me Die e're I do prove unjust.  
 Rather let Beasts a passage tear, and free  
 My Captive Soul from iis Captivity;  
 That it may to Eternal Mansions fly,  
 And take possession of Eternity.  
 Now let them Rend me from *Darius* Love,  
 For that their Heav'n is, but mine's above.  
 My Body is the *King's*, at his Command,  
 But my dear Soul is in my Maker's hand;  
 To the fierce *Lions* I'll become a prey,  
 E're I my *God's* Commands will disobey.  
 The *Heathens* shall not glory over me,  
 Nor yet Rejoyce in my *Apostacy*.  
 Hold, pause a little *Daniel*, do'st not fly  
 Upon thy winged *Zeal* at pitch too high?  
 Are all the sweets of Life of no esteem?  
 Will not this *Daring Act* Self-murder seem?  
 If thou destroy thy Life, which thou may'st spare?  
 Will *God* encourage a Self-murderer?  
 Why wilt thou vainly cast thy self away?  
 Is't not sufficient in thy thoughts to pray?  
 The Ceremony's but the outward shell,  
 Will not *Ejaculation* do as well?

God is a Spirit, if thy Spirit move,  
 He thy Devotion will as well approve ;  
 What from thy Soul's most secret Altar flies,  
 Will be accepted as a Sacrifice ;  
 God the Desires of the Humble meets,  
 And sighs to him from contrite hearts, are sweet ;  
 Mental Devotion to thy Soul is free,  
 Which countermines their damn'd Conspiracy.

Ah! no, these weak Temptations cannot find  
 Admittance to *Appal* his Noble Mind :  
*Daniel* to buy his Life, won't sell his God :  
 But in those paths which he before had trod,  
 He still will move; his Soul must still have vent ;  
 His Lips must call on the Omnipotent ;  
 He with his *Speech* his God still glorifies,  
 Though his Destruction in his Duty lies ;  
 Though he should swiftly pray himself to Air,  
 He will approach his God in vocal prayer ;  
 He'll rather to the Lions be a prey,  
 Than to neglect his Duty for a day ;  
 And while his Enemies do strictly watch,  
 He to his God in prayer doth approach ;  
 He ne'er regards his Crafty OBSERVATOR,  
 But thus Exalts his Voice to his Creator.

*The Prayer.*

**A** *Lmighty and Omnipotent Jehove,*  
*Thou Glorious and Eternal God above,*  
 Whole Habitation is *Eternal Light,*  
 My God, in Thee *Alone* is my delight ;  
 O thou, whose Fulness only doth possess  
*Immensity, and Everlastingness.*

Lord, what is Man, the Son of Man, that thou  
 Thy Glorious Ear to such an one dost bow ?  
 O how illustrious is thy Grace when we  
 Are made the Objects of thy Clemency !

To

To Thee, O *Lord*, to Thee *Alone* I bend,  
 O let my prayers to thy Throne ascend!  
 What is *Darius, Lord*? whom Men advance;  
 Can he as *God*, command Deliverance:  
 Such would Invade the Glory of thy Throne,  
 Who make their Deity a Mortal one;  
 A God they do adore, who cannot save  
 Either himself, or others from the Grave.  
 Pardon, O pardon their blasphemous Deed.  
 O let thy Mercies all their Guilt exceed;  
 Though their Design was principally laid,  
 My Divine Priviledges to Invade;  
 They would debar me from Accels to Thee,  
 They would eclipse that glorious Liberty,  
 And draw a Curtain 'twixt my *God* and me. }  
 Lord, what is life to me, unless I may  
 (Life of my Soul,) the *God* of Life obey?  
 Open the Door of Grace, O *Lord*, that I  
 May to the Bosom of thy Favour fly;  
 O let me praise thee, let my only Aim  
 Be in my day to glorifie thy Name.  
*Lord*, I am in thy hand, grant me thy pow'r,  
 That over Death I may be Conquerer.  
 Give me a holy Courage, that I may  
 Triumph in *Death*, ere Heaven disobey;  
 And let my Sacrifice effectual prove,  
 To tell the world, *God only* dwells above.  
 Redeem thy Chuch, —

—— But then O strange surprise,  
 With Vulgar Tumults, and exalted cries.  
 The house with loud Allarms is begirt round,  
 The horrid Noise his pure Devotions drown'd;  
 The *Conspirators* with a full mouth'd cry,  
 Bawl, Treason, Treason, 'gainst His Majesty.

And with a Guard surprise his prostrate Soul,  
 Whose thoughts were mounted far above the Pole,  
 Bring him away. *Darius* cannot save  
 Him, from the paunches of a Living Grave;  
 They without *Perjury* could safely swear,  
 He to the God of Heaven made his prayer;  
 And now their Plot is to perfection brought,  
 They have obtain'd the only thing they sought,  
 For in the snare the Innocent is caught. }

And now how briskly do they pass to Court!  
 Happy is he can give the first Report,  
 And to *Darius* Ears Evidence bring,  
 Of one that prays to *God*, and not the *King*.  
 But with what subtilty do they proceed!  
 To make more sure what lately was decreed;  
 They the Transgressor do at first obscure,  
 To make the Law stronger, or more secure.  
 For they well knew, the *King* so well did love him,  
 Nothing could from his *Princely* Favour move him.  
 He would dispence *Prerogative*, but he  
 Would set his Best Beloved *Daniel* free,  
 If he foresaw what they by Craft obscure.  
 His Royal Word they once again procure;  
 That whoe'er denies what is Decreed,  
 The Rav'ning Beasts shall on his Body feed; }  
 This once obtain'd, these Politicks proceed: }

One who pretends to Loyalty and Trust,  
 Proves to your Sacred Majesty unjust.  
 Your *Royal Law*, which all ought to obey,  
 And as a Debt unto your Greatness pay,  
 Is disesteem'd, slighted, and countermanded,  
 As though, *Dread Lord*, you had it not commanded;  
 One whom to Honour, you have lifted high,  
 Scorns to obey your *Sacred Majesty*.

Ungrate-

Ungrateful Rebel! Traitor to the Crown,  
 Which did Exalt him to so high Renown;  
 His high Disdain on your Decree hath trod,  
 And will not own *Darius* is a God,  
 But prayes to something which to us doth seem  
 To be at greater Distances from him:  
 For to the *Heav'ns*, and not unto your *Throne*,  
 He is Exalted in Devotion.  
 This vile pernicious Ill Example may,  
 Intice your Subjects in their minds astray,  
 After some other *God*, and so deprive  
*Darius* of his Great Prerogative.  
 Shall he not Die? shall not the Law proceed?  
 Hath not our *God Darius* so Decreed?

I cannot change nor alter my Decree,  
 Bring forth the Traitor instantly to me,  
 And then produce your Witness; which is he? }

This *Daniel* is the Man, this Captive Slave,  
 That dares your Great and Royal Law outbrave.  
*Daniel*, dear *Daniel*, oh, what have I done!  
 I Issu'd out my Rash Resolves too soon;  
 Ah! you in this have Rent from me a Jem,  
 Of equal value with my Diadem.  
 My Soul is wounded for this Rash Decree,  
 Which puts a Period to all Loyalty;  
 For in his Breast such faithfulness did dwell,  
 His unexampl'd Love did all excel:  
 And must I lose him? must he be Remov'd?  
 Shall I be dispossest of what I Lov'd?  
 Ah! what Distraction wounds my troubled Breast?  
 Of what I most esteem'd, I'm dispossest.  
 Who could imagine that your snare was laid  
 Against your *King*, whose Int'rest is betray'd?

In this vile Act, by which is overthrown  
 The strongest Pillar that supports my Throne,  
 My Glorious State will totter when he's gone.  
 This is so far from Loyalty and Trust,  
 As it proclaims you hateful and unjust  
 To me, whom you in scorn a God have made,  
 By which my only Angel is betray'd.  
 What shall I say? you're Enemies of Peace,  
 Who hate what is your Sov'raign's Happiness;  
 For I in him alone was happy made,  
 But now too late I find we're both betray'd;  
 I was a *King*, would I had been content,  
 Without Invading the Omnipotent.  
 But I too late my Errours have survey'd,  
*Darius* and his *Daniel* is betray'd.

Unhappy *Daniel*, thy unhappy State  
 Makes Thee an Object both of Love and Hate;  
 Thy *King* his singular Respects doth show,  
 The Nobles hate Thee to thy overthrow.  
 He, if he could, thy Honours would support.  
 But they design to Tear Thee from the Court,  
 And with a voice unanimous they cry,  
 Deliver *Daniel* to us, he must Die.  
 To satisfy the Law, why was it made?  
 If *Kings* their own Prerogatives Invade.  
 The *King* demurs, unwilling to proceed;  
 His hand would cancel what he has Deceed.  
 How willing would His *Majesty* Reprieve,  
 Although for once he strain'd Prerogative.

But since their Plot hath had so good success,  
 They will again impatiently address;  
 Nor will they be deny'd of their Demand,  
 The *King* himself shall not the Law withstand,  
 But void of manners sawcily proceed,  
 To tell the *King* the Law he once Deceed,

He

He cannot change, nay shall not, nor is able,  
 The *Medes* and *Persians* Law's unalterable.  
 And though the *King* the *Kingdom's* *Laws* would null,  
 We will be satisfied to the full;  
*Daniel* must Die, why doth the *King* contrive  
 What by that Law is dead, to keep alive?  
 In vain *Darius* thy protecting hands  
 Strive to preserve, what thy own Law commands.  
 To Dire Destruction, thou in Honour must  
 Doom thy Indear'd Favourite to Dust.  
 The *King* Commands; but O what Inward Care!  
 What Grief, what Soul-sick Trouble, what Despair  
 Approach his Royal Breast! he sighs, he grieves,  
 He weeps and sobs when he the Sentence gives.  
 Ah Da-Da-*Daniel*, whom I Lo-Lo-Love,  
 Thy De-De-Death must th-th-Thee Remove,  
 The Se-Se-Sentence I cannot deny,  
 Dear *Daniel*, thou M-M-M-M-must Die.  
 And now farewell thou matchless Peer, adieu,  
 My Brightest Star I never more shall view.  
 Thou most Illustrious, True and Loyal one;  
 Thou Greatest Treasure of an Earthly Throne,  
 Never was *King* so happily possesst,  
 Never was any Mortal *Monarch* Blest  
 With such a Faithful Servant, such a Flow'r,  
 The only Glory of an *Emperour*.  
 But thou art mounting to Eternal Joyes,  
 Beyond the Light, Low, Mean, and Trivial Toyes  
 Of Earthly Honours, where thou shalt be Blest  
 In Glorious Mansions of Eternal Rest;  
 Freely could I dis-robe my self of State,  
 And leave to be an Earthly Magistrate,  
 To change my self to Spirit, and to fly  
 With my Dear *Daniel* to Eternity.

But that I stay behind to sacrifice  
 Whole Hecatombs of th'Impious Enemies,  
 To thy unsported, uncorrupted mind.  
 They my avow'd severe Revenge shall find,  
 Destruction as a Recompence I'll pay  
 To those who did thy Innocence betray.  
 But stay my thoughts, is not that *God* the same  
 Who met his Servants in the furious Flame ?  
 My Faith persuades me to a firm belief,  
 Thy *God* will shew his Pow'r, and send Relief,  
 And lest thy Enemies the same should fear,  
 And so consult to send some Murderer,  
 More cruel than the Rav'nous Lions are. }  
 I to prevent any such Black Design,  
 With my own Signet will the Prison sign;  
 I'll seal thee up to the protecting hand,  
 Of thy own *God*, the *God* of Sea and Land.  
 How stately to the Den doth *Daniel* move,  
 Laden with Trophies of his *Prince's* Love ?  
 Cloath'd with the Graces of his *God* is he,  
 Armed in holy Armour, *Cap a Pe*.  
 He nothing leaves behind him that may seem  
 Needful to take to Heav'n along with him.  
 Thoughts of Revenge he doth so much desire,  
 As he can wish his greatest Enemy  
 An equal share in Glory with his own,  
 Whose Malice sought his Dire Destruction :  
 Those who did causelessly his Life betray,  
 For their Eternal Happiness he'l pray.  
 How like an *Isaac* is our *Daniel* come ?  
 Ready to pass from th' *Altar* to the Tomb ;  
 Behold th' unspotted Sacrifice is drest,  
 On which the Priestly *Lions* are to feast ;  
 But to his wonder and amazement finds,  
 Their Savage Nature vary from their kinds ;

What Miracle is here, this fatal Den,  
 Presents more Favour than Intraged Men.  
 More Friendship in the *Lions Den* is shown,  
 Than in the *Royal Court of Babylon*.

A *Glorious Spirit* did his Soul invest,  
 True Righteousness was fixed in his Breast;  
 He was begirt with Truth and Innocence:  
 These were his Arms, or Armour of Defence;  
 His *Adamantine Shield* he held so fast,  
 As made him *Lion-proof*; they'l rather fast,  
 Nay starve, than tast, or touch such heav'nly Food,  
 And Die with Thirst, ere drink his sacred Blood:  
 Civil instead of savage they appear;  
 They crouch, submit, and fill'd with awe and fear,  
 They tremble e're attempt in Rage t'abuse,  
 Whom neither *God*, nor yet the *King* accuse.

Thus *Daniel* in his Duty stands before  
 His *God*, and *God* Demands of him no more;  
 He yields his Life, his Faith to testifie,  
 And rather than be false to *God* will Die;  
 Whose life the hand of providence protects,  
 He shall not Die that thus his life neglects,  
 But he shall freely keep, what freely he  
 Offer'd to give, it shall Restored be;

The heav'nly Power's engag'd to set him free. }  
 The Royal *King* in Mourning Robes is drest,  
 His Thoughts abandon any kind of Feast;  
 His Mourning Soul fasts for his Best Belov'd,  
 Which Envy from him had to Death Remov'd;  
 All kind of Mirth is banish'd from the Court,  
 No Jovial pastimes, no delightful sport,  
 Can have admittance there; the *King's* in tears,  
 Whose Grief creates Remorsefulness in his Peers;  
 No work for Fiddlers, Interludes or Playes,  
 Mourning is hung upon the Poets Bayes.

No

No Singing, Dancing, no delightful Airs  
 Are heard in Court, but doleful sighs and tears.  
 The Harp, the Organ, Flagellet and Flute,  
 The Violin, the Dulcimer and Lute  
 In silence hang by, in the Musick Room,  
 As Rotten Ragged Scutcheons o're a Tomb.  
 The *King* now out of tune, nothing can bear,  
 That is Delightful to the Eye or Ear;  
 His thoughts present him *Daniel's* cries and groans,  
 Whilst *Lions* Roar his Fun'ral o're his Bones.

But *Daniel's* Musick is to him more sweet,  
 While they lye crouching prostrate at his Feet;  
 They so melediously do snore the Song  
 Of his Salvation, he can frame his Tongue  
 To sing with them, and lift his voice on high,  
 In *Hallelujahs* to the Deity.

His Joyns at ev'ry snort they breath can move,  
 And Dance *Coranto's* to the *God* above.  
 But all this while the *King* is discontent;  
 Alas! he cannot yet behold th'Event  
 Of this *Dread Tragedy*, he thinks at least,  
*Daniel's* imbowel'd in those Savage Beasts; }  
 Therefore his *Princely* Eyes can take no Rest; }  
 Sleep is a perfect stranger to his Eyes,  
 Before their Glances Gaskly *Daniel* lyes;  
 And since his Best Beloved Watchman's gone,  
 He cannot slumber, but will watch alone.  
 Ah! his Dear *Daniel* sleeps in Death, and shall  
 He who did love him, sleep at's Funeral?

But all this while *Daniel* securely lyes,  
 Watching amidst his sleeping Enemies,  
 And is become as a Life Guard of theirs,  
 Who were design'd his Executioners:  
 Their Gaskly Eyes, and Yawning Mouths are clos'd,  
 They sleep secure, the Heav'ns hath them Repos'd.

Mean

Mean time his pure Ejaculations fly;  
His faithful Prayers mount above the Sky.

Behold a Miracle is here exprest,  
The Sacrifice doth pray, and not the Priest,  
He prays they may not make a Midnight Feast.

No sooner did *Aurora* ope the Day,  
Driving the Black and Darksome Clouds away;  
No sooner were the Sable Curtains drawn,  
And Dawning Brightness mounts the *Horizon*,  
But Great *Darius* Riset from his Bed,  
To visit *Daniel*, if Alive or Dead.  
The first approaching Light his steps convey,  
A Visit to the *Lions* Den to pay;  
And by his hasty Motion it appears,  
He'll satisfie at once his hopes and fears;  
His hope that *Daniel* lives, fills him with Joys,  
His fear that he is dead, the same destroys.  
*Darius's* heart is in the *Lions* Den,  
And new he moves to meet his heart agen;  
How briskly I behold his Royal Feet,  
With nimble motion hurry through the street!  
His winged thoughts fly swifter than a Dove,  
Yet can't surpass the motion of his Love.  
He values not the Complements of State,  
Nor minds if his Retinue on him wait;  
Nor for his Coach or Chariot will he stay,  
Lest it should too much of his time delay;  
If he can find his *Daniel* but alive,  
'Tis satisfaction in superlative.  
Might not *Darius* have a Faith which came  
By its Original from *Abraham*?  
Who against hope, firmly in hope believes,  
And strongest Faith the most Assurance gives.

What though the *Lions* Beasts of Rapine are in heat,  
 and though by hunger made the eagerer  
 And what though human flesh and blood be sweet,  
 A novel Dish, and not their usual Meat:  
 'Tis possible that Life from Death may spring;  
 Sure some such Faith as this possess the King.  
 He cries aloud, his voice the Air doth fill,  
 Ho! *Daniel*, *Daniel*, art thou living still?  
 Hold, hold *Darius*, cease thy hollow voice,  
 Lest thou awake the *Lions* with the noise.  
 Thy loud Allarms, thy unexpected cries,  
 May Rouse the savage Beasts to Sacrifices;  
 Thy Dearest *Daniel*, who among them lyes,  
 If they have fasted all the night from Food,  
 May they not take their morning draught in blood?  
 And break their Fasts on that delicious Meat,  
 Which they last night set up and could not eat?  
 Brutes can no Reason give for their Delay,  
 Their savage Nature is for present prey;  
 They cannot trust, but Run at all that lyes  
 Within the prospect of their greedy Eyes.  
 Faith is a stranger to their Ravenous Claws,  
 Sense only cloyes, or tires their greedy Jaws;  
 They think not of hereafter, or before,  
 But gorge their Guts till they can eat no more.  
 The King well knew, if *Daniel* mist their Jaws,  
 'Twas Providence, not Project was the cause.  
 The King's unchangeable Affections prove  
 The greater Confirmation of his Love;  
 His Princely Favours pass beyond the Grave;  
 His Faith beyond his Sense, what's lost will save.  
 Through the Impenetrable Stones he calls,  
 His Soul wrapt up in sighs, doth pierce the walls.  
 And

And safely doth arrive at *Daniel's* Ears,   
 Whose Joy doth swell, when he his Master hears,   
*Daniel*, what greater honour can be shewn   
 Was ever Mortal Man so waited on   
 Was ever Prisoner, when condemn'd by Fate,   
 Attended with such Majesty and State,   
 Thy God within, thy King without the Gate,   
 Waits in his Person, where he staves till he   
 The happy Prospect of his *Daniel* sees   
 And to Return Thanks to those savage Beasts,   
 For their Accommodations to their Guests,   
 For they, contrary to their Nature now,   
 To the Beloved of their Master bow   
 Now may you hear this worthy Purchase,   
 Express his Soul in Accents passionately   
 O *Daniel*! servant to the Living God,   
 Whose Habitation, Dwelling and Abode,   
 Is in Eternal, Everlasting Light;   
 Whose Eyes can penetrate the sable Night,   
 Is thy God able by his Power to free,   
 From Death, from Bondage, and Captivity,   
 Such as depend on his Ability,   
*Darius* Quittes, yet is far from doubt,   
 His Faith confirms what he is come about,   
 For he affirms, thy God will set thee free,   
 His Confidence was in the Deity,   
 Experience past confirms his Faith the more,   
 That God can do, what he has done before,   
 He the Effects of Faith doth now embrace,   
 For Living *Daniel* stands before his face,   
 Which through the Grates no sooner he espies,   
 The sudden Vision doth his Soul surprize,   
 As in an Extasie of Joy he stands,   
 And upwards elevates his Princely hands;

Being struck dumb with admiration, hears  
 His *Daniels* voice approach his *Royal* Ears,  
 In the same stile, in the same Loyal sound,  
 O *King* for ever live, live ever Crown'd  
 With the Celestial *Diadem* of *Glory*.  
 When thou hast perfected thy Earthly Story.  
 Praises ascend from me to God above,  
 That he the heart of my dread Lord did move,  
 Thus to bestow on me his princely Love,  
 From Prayer he to Preaching doth proceed,  
 Though from his Chappel yet he is not freed:  
 The *King* stands in the porch and doth not stir,  
 But is content to be his Auditor:  
 Into two Branches he his theme doth bring,  
 Leaving the Application to the *King*;  
 He first the goodness of his God declares,  
 Next his own innocency he avers:  
 And these two points doth he unite to prove,  
 The mighty God doth Innocency love,  
 His Duty he from hence doth justify,  
 Both to *Divine* and Earthly Majesty.  
 Such cannot be unfaithful to their King,  
 Who to their God are just in ev'ry thing;  
*Darius* ne're was satisfied more,  
 In any Sermon he e're heard before;  
 The Surly *Lions* seem to understand,  
 And watch the motion of his Lip and Hand,  
 How mute, and how demure they sit and hear,  
 As if his voice were musick to the Ear.  
 And if his silence so much aw'd their sense,  
 How were they charmed with his Eloquence.  
 Experience worketh confidence, for he  
 Can the Beasts Love, and his own safety see,  
 Wel

Well may he trust whom he hath found his Friends,  
 One Mercy on another still depends,  
 The same deliv'rance which first set him free,  
 Makes him still trust in its security :  
 That which the Lyon and the Bear subdue,  
 Was the same Faith which the *Philistine* slew,  
 The *Israelites* on th'other shore that stood,  
 Were sureties for such as pass the flood :  
 So the same faith, as firmly doth ingage  
 Still to preserve, as first to stay the rage  
 Of the fierce *Lions* till the Charm be past,  
 Which clearly quits the Innocent, and Chast,  
 Which by his faith is justifi'd at last :

The Sermon being done, the Seals are tore,  
 And open lies the stony Chappel door :  
 The Captive issues forth, where soon he spies  
 His *Royal Prince* wrapt up in extasies :  
 He's Heaven struck with Joy and admiration,  
 His Soul is rap't in Divine Contemplation,  
 He like a Statue stands, fixt and unmov'd,  
 His Royal Eyes gaze on his best belov'd,  
 His ravisht thoughts are glutted with excess  
 Of Heav'nly Raptures, which he can't express.

After some pause, ----- deliberately he  
 Doth reassume the thoughts of Majesty,  
 And thundering forth with terrour on his Brow,  
 Those dreadful mandates which must follow now :  
 Orders for Execution forth are sent,  
 In favour of his *Lord High President* :  
 Those who have his destruction thus design'd,  
 Must the revenge of great *Darius* find :  
 Those who his life have plotted to betray,  
 Shall their own lives, instead of *Daniels* pay,  
 What they would take from him, they down must lay.

This Day's Deliverance is of high Esteem;  
 When Heav'n Belov'd *Daniel* did Redeem;  
 And now the *King* Resolves to keep a Feast;  
 In Memory of his Reprieved Guest;  
 But the first Course he to the *Lions* sends;  
 To make their fasting Appetites amends;  
 They could not tast the Dish that first was dress'd;  
 Therefore the *King* supplies 'em with a Feast  
 Varieties of Sexes, choice of Meat,  
 'Cause on a single Dish they cannot eat;  
 On which, when serv'd, their eager Stomachs feed,  
 They have not patience till the Cloth be spread,  
*Daniel* gave Thanks before, they scorn the fashion,  
 But fall on boldly without Invitation;  
 They're so impatient, that they cannot stay,  
 But meet each Course while in the middle way;  
 Ere the Meat comes to Table they devour,  
 And drink Carouzes to the *Emperour*,  
 In the hearts Blood of these *Man-catching* Feinds;  
 Those vile *Troopkeepers* of the *King's* best friends;  
 The crackling of whose Joynts their Musick is;  
 They find no sweeter Melody than this;  
 And having sup'd, betake themselves to Rest;  
 Well satisf'd with this Delicious Feast,  
 Till they awake, and Rouse themselves again,  
 To overlook the Fragments in the Den;  
 They ready are for more, if more there be  
 Found acting *Treason* 'gainst his Majesty.  
 Thirsting with greedy Appetites for Blood,  
 As those Men did, who lately were their food;  
 And 'tis but Natural, that the Flesh of those  
 Monsters of Nature, whose Delights oppose  
 Soy saguety in *Monarchs*, and contrive  
 How Best to Subject to Intomb alive.

'Tis natural I say, that such should be  
Incorporate in *Inhumanity*.

To savage Nature they degenerate,

Savage they are, and in that savage state,

They justly are condemn'd to savage fate.

No need of Process, Summoning, or Juries;

He who Infallibly both Just and Pure is,

Sits Judge in Court, he who alone surveys

Dark obscure thoughts, untrodden crooked waies

Of sinful Mortals; he who sits on high

Condemns, and who shall dare to justify?

'Twas he those Catifs to destruction hurld,

And by his Miracle convinc'd the world.

It is a *Maxim* Politick in State,

And the prime Lesson of a Potentate,

To fix the *Crown* on his own Temples sure,

And in his Royal *Throne* to sit secure;

Therefore at first remov's what may impede

The Diadems fixation on his head;

And if Conspiracy hereafter moves

So lofty as to strike at what he loves,

Then Policy calls Majesty to rouse,

And his Belov'd Subjects Cause espouse:

For such as venture at his Royal Breast,

To rend from thence what he doth value best,

Will the next onset ravenously fly

To strike the very Heart of *Majesty*;

That insolence which dares attempt the one,

Dares undermine, or overthrow the Throne.

The Great *Divinus* will decree no more,

But not against the Heavens, as before,

He will be God no longer, but lay down

His Divine Title for a mortal one.

The first of these is the *Book of the  
 Dead*, which is a collection of  
 prayers and incantations for the  
 deceased. It is written in the  
 Egyptian hieroglyphic script, and  
 is found in many tombs. The  
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### The Explanations.

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